

Reading Matter for the Women.

Without This Essential and Distinctive Charm the Fairest Woman is But a Representation of Her Sex—a Female, Not a Woman. And What Is It, Then, That We Mean by That Word "Womanhood" If Not All Which Is Superlatively Lovely, Noble, Pure, Gentle, Delicate, Something Far Beyond Mere Grace of Form and Beauty of Flesh Tint; the Nature of Those Who, as an English Author Exquisitely Says, "Were Born to be Love Visible." It Means Purity, Which Is Not Only Unstained, But Unstainable; Honor High, Fixed, Absolute; Tenderness Inexhaustible to Weakness, Sickness, Sorrowfulness; Pity Illimitable for Sinning Humanity and Especially for Flaw in Her Own Sex; Strength, Not of Bone and Sinew, But of Pure Brain, Deep Heart, Tender Soul; Strength to Perceive, to Punish and to Resist Sin; Simplicity That Is Not Ashamed in Drawing-Rooms of Elegance and Fashion, But Which Shows Its Divinest Quality by the Cradle of Her Little Child.



A PRETTY TRIPLE EFFECT AND A CHARMING HOME GOWN.

IN THE WOMAN'S REALM

THE VISION WHICH A BACHELOR OF FORTY SAW.

The "End" and "Clara Belle" Letters.—The Learned Professors Open to the Gentler Sex—Fashion Letter.

HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

Marjorie went to the masquerade, dressed in her grandmother's old brocade; she was gaily powdered, and patched and laced.

To the strains of the music we danced away. The old gown rustled and seemed to say: "Young man, I am older by far than you. Pray listen to me and I'll tell you true."

"How Marjorie's grandmother, years ago, served many a wizened and powdered beau. She would sit on the stairs and cut quadrilles. She had promised to galleons all satin and frills.

"She'd flirt with a judge or a captain or Tory. And each would tell her the old, old story. As with maidenly art, she sat below. The snow-white berries of mistletoe.

"So beware of the granddaughter, young and fair. What grandmother did, she'll also dare; Don't let her wiles ensnare you, too, For women are women, the ages through."

Marjorie wore my roses fair. In her quaint corsage and golden hair; But she answered "No" to my love that night. And I ruefully pondered, "Old gown, You're richer than I am in Vogue."

A SPIRIT WIFE'S DOUBT.

(London Tid-bits Prize Story.) At forty I found myself an old bachelor. I knew that when I say I was an old bachelor at forty the ladies will immediately put away this paper in disgust. But as I desire the ladies to read it particularly, I hasten to state that I am married now. Also, that the reason why I was not married at forty was not my want of admiration for the ladies, but the fact that I admired them too well. I respected them so much that I was afraid to address them.

Once or twice I was in love; but what was the use? I had not the courage to declare it. At forty I was a bachelor, and as I was tired of boarding-houses and disgusted with hotels, I hired a flat and went to housekeeping with a single servant—a black boy.

It was rather lonely work, and sometimes I was obliged to pretend that I was a married man and that my wife had gone on a visit to her mother to keep myself from getting the blues.

My imaginary wife was always a plump little woman, with black eyes and nice little hands with dimples in them. I could sometimes believe that she would really come in and sit down at table and pour out the tea. I had formed such a perfect picture of her. I had taken the upper floor of a small house, not because I was poor, for I was not, but because I was desirous of retirement and did not want anyone clumping up-stairs past me, and below some one kept house.

This person used the conservatory for a kitchen. I must explain. Some former tenant had converted the back porch into a conservatory, and had had it all filled in with glass, of course. Whoever lived on the floor below at that time had again made an alteration. Where was once the conservatory stove, now stood a little cooking-stove, and over the panes of glass hung white curtains; but the glass roof was uncovered.

One morning, impelled by the curiosity which is born of loneliness, I leant over my window ledge and peeped down. I saw below a little kitchen, with a little table and a little stove.

At the little table sat—my wife. What I mean is that I imagined her being whose I mean I was always hearing on my floor. Who in day dreams sat at my table and poured out tea, whose actual absence I consoled myself for by supposing that she had gone to take tea with her mother, sat there in proper person, round dimpled, black-eyed as my fancy painted her.

She was eating her breakfast all alone, and she looked as though she did not like it. I was sure—sure from the very first—that she was not married, and from my unseen post I watched her every movement until my black servant, with the remark, "Mamma, dem dere griddle-cakes is all gettin' spiled," aroused me from my reverie.

However, that was not the last time I saw her. She sat a good deal in that conservatory, the most blooming rose in the garden, and had had it all filled in with glass, of course. She sewed there, and read books there, as well as ate there. I saw her concoct dainty puddings for one, and ptea which lasted her four days, and I was as sure that Providence intended her for me as though I had asked an oracle and been told so.

With an opera-glass I could read the very pages of the book she read, and

all the while she had no idea that any eye was on her. At last I took a step—a bold one for me. I bought a book—the last new one of an authoress she seemed interested in—and left it at her door with this on the fly-leaf:

"Dear Madam—You were so much interested in that book of Mrs. Edwards' that I venture to send you another, which I hope may prove as interesting. You will, perhaps, be surprised when I tell you that you read the first four chapters of that book without stopping; that you then mark the place with a book-marker with a harp on it; that you cried at the tenth chapter, and kissed the book when you closed it."

"YOUR SPIRIT FRIEND."

Through my peeping-place I saw the little woman take in the book; saw her hand the inscription with amazement, put her hand to her head and ponder, and then draw one of the white curtains and look out. A young man was shaving himself at a window opposite. I saw that she at once plucked upon him as the sender of the book.

The next day she put blue shades up. Once, watching her from above, as though I were an angel being without wings, I saw her come in from a walk with autumn leaves in her hand. Afterwards she ironed them and made a little wreath of them, which she hung up over a little looking-glass. The next day I bought and left at the door some hot-house roses.

"Since you care for autumn leaves, you will care for these," as usual.

This time she laughed softly, and put them in water, and sat looking at them a long while. Then she peeped out of her window again. The young man was not at the opposite apartment. Then she shook her head, and after a time she took a damask rose from the bunch, and put it in her hair. The next time I sent the flowers I wrote on the card:

"You wore a damask rose from the last bunch I sent you. Will you put a yellow tea rose in your hair this time?"

How I watched! I saw her look, half pleased, half frightened. At first she only put the roses in a vase, but at last she did take one, and it was a tea rose, and plucked it in her black braids. I kissed my hand to her from my elevated situation, but she did not know it.

So, for at least six months I watched, and sent her flowers and fruit and books and little gifts of all sorts. But as for asking our mutual landlord for an introduction, I never thought of that—it never occurred to me. I should not have dared to speak to her if I had been introduced.

The autumn and the winter passed, and it was often so cold that I was obliged to scrape away the frost from my peeping-place, to see her; but I did it, and let me assure you, that I did it most respectfully, and with the most gentlemanly feelings. I played spy, but it was with the deepest veneration.

Spring came. Little green beds were on the trees; and she opened the window to let in the air, and wore pretty, light-colored garments. Now that the window was open, she drew her table further away from it and nearer the wall. This was more convenient to me.

One evening she sat down at her table to write a letter, and I got my glass and found that I could see the words upon the paper. My hope was that she would allude to her unknown friend. It was gratified. She did. After some talk of persons and things I knew nothing of, she wrote thus:

"Now, dearest Lizzie, I will tell you of the strangest thing that has happened to me. I have no friends in the city, nor have I seen any one watching me; but from some mysterious source, books, papers, magazines, flowers and fruit are sent to me. I have had tickets to matinees. At first I was afraid to go to them; but I tried it, and no one spoke or looked at me. Everything this unknown does is done delicately. I really have begun to be interested in him. 'Who can it be?' I often say to myself. 'Why does he hide himself? If he likes me, why does he not obtain an introduction?'"

"Perhaps he is deformed or disgraced in some way, but if he were I should certainly feel that so fine a soul deserved a better body. His taste is perfect. When he marks passages in a book I know I shall like them. In fact to confess you living being, I am half way in love with him. How foolish of him to keep his secret, when in so many ways he makes it manifest that he loves me."

I read these words with joy, and retreated to my room to think them over. Having done so, my resolution was arrived at. I seized a sheet of paper and wrote upon it these words:

"Dear Madam—I am neither deformed nor disgraced in any way. Your flattering opinion of me is so delightful that, though modesty prompts me to contradict you, I can not bring myself to it. Indeed, I want you to think even better of me than you do, for while I am wholly in love with you you are only half way. I inclose my photograph. At the same time I make you an offer of marriage, and will prove to you my respectability and position in society and my ability to support a wife. And how I have learned so much concerning you I will hasten to explain, if you will send a line to—, Station—, box 40. The line that I desire is an answer to my offer. Will you have me if, on meeting, you are not disappointed in me?"

Thanks to my glass roof I was able to see that dear little woman write "yes," or words to that effect, and I called upon her next day, and now I no longer dream that she my wife. She pours out my coffee and makes my home a paradise. When I told her all I have told you, she said: "You ought to be ashamed of

yourself." She was in duty bound to say it, but she said it to me and the rose she did not mean it.

The World's Fair City.

The buildings are the tallest. The ladies' feet are smallest. The wits are always keenest. The pavements are the cleanest. The boulevards are greenest. In Chicago.

The newspapers are the brightest.

In Chicago. The policemen are politest. In Chicago. Annoyances are fewest. In Chicago. And the bon-mots are the newest. While the skies are ever bluest. In Chicago.

The ladies are the fairest.

In Chicago. And the homely girls are rarest. In Chicago. The husbands are the neatest. While the wives are always sweetest. And the errand boys are fleetest. In Chicago.

The aldermen are the greatest.

In Chicago. Their dolms are the straightest. In Chicago. The winters are the mildest. And the summers reconditest. And—

The liars lie the wildest.

In Chicago. —London Amusing Journal.

WOMEN IN PROFESSION.

Scarcely a Calling Which They May Not Enter.

It is not so very long ago that the possible advent of women in the learned professions was regarded as a visionary proposition, scarcely worth the serious consideration of the people, who, as a matter of ethics, were studiously opposed to such an innovation. Within the memory of people whose hair is not yet gray, a regularly qualified female physician, a woman lawyer, a newspaper woman, were literally unknown. A few female preachers had ascended the pulpit, borrowing courage, it may be, from the good old Quaker practice permitting women to "speak in meeting" when "the spirit moved," but these modern women who boldly entered the pulpit on the same plane as men, claiming an equal right to appointments and salaries and preferment, were looked upon with distrust by their brothers of the cloth. To-day there is scarcely a calling or profession of dignity in our country that women are not free to enter, and in which one or more members of the sex have not already scored signal success. Literature, art, medicine, law, science in all its branches, are adorning with petticoats. The predictions made by old fogies who would fain have stayed this tide of feminine advancement have all fallen to the ground. The revolution has been a bloodless one; neither men nor women have

been unsexed by it, and in many instances woman's wit, her more delicate perceptions and her very personality have made her a welcome coadjutor.

Especially all this in the case of medical practice. In certain lines of advanced teaching, and, perhaps, it may be added in some exceptional cases in newspaper work. It is a curious fact that few single women enter upon a professional career. This is no doubt in part due to the fact that many students who are on the way to it are captured by some fellow-student and persuaded to exchange the uncertainties and trials of a business career for the greater uncertainties of conjugal life. Coeducation of the day. But a more potent influence in excluding all but a very small proportion of young women from such callings is the courage, the decision and the preparation required.

A woman may be fairly well prepared while yet young, but the courage and decision are usually the birth of either mature years or of the spur of necessity. So it comes that mothers and wives form the rank and file, as well as the leaders, among professional women, and the American child still thrives and American civilization. If the professional women of our country were asked to name the greatest problem that they have had to master a curious fact would appear. It would not be the intellectual preparation involved, although the most of them have studied hard, nor the labor consequent, although they are the rule diligent and industrious. Nine out of ten would declare that their greatest embarrassment has been in framing the etiquette of their positions, for there is yet no social code but a woman's own good judgment and relations of those who follow a vocation which places them side by side with men. It is impossible to lay down any law of behavior in this difficult position, but it is worthy to remark that no woman has ever made a genuine success in any profession which brought her into daily association with men, who was not thoroughly womanly. The masculine woman who enters into rough comradeship with men, or is ever on the aggressive or defensive, may achieve notoriety and have a certain value, but her position is not a quiet one. She who does her work quietly and bravely, who is unkind remark with faithful and diligent service, who is dignified and self-respecting without being aggressive, tactful without familiarity, wise without pretension, feminine without triviality, and who, above all, manifests a kind disposition toward members of her own sex, will rise on solid foundations and do much to level prejudice against those who may come after her.—San Francisco Examiner.

Better Than Flirting.

It is agreeable to see how progressive ideas with regard to women have invaded even the official circles at Washington. This is largely due to Granger and Populist influence. The daughter of

Senator Peffer, of Kansas, is secretary of the committee of which her father is chairman. It is much better for a Senator's daughter to be making herself useful than to spend her time flirting and waiting with the lazy and corrupt young members of the foreign legations at Washington, youths who have no respect for American womanhood.

Clara Belle Letter.

NEW YORK, April 25.—The street was blocked with a line of cars. You know how women act at such a time. They jump up and down, ask the conductor questions, finally get out and walk, then they are overtaken by the same car, run to catch it and look surprised and make an awful fuss about having their fare to pay over again. Well, of course, all that was done in the regular way. Rare again as usual, some smart woman merely got out of the car last in the "block" and went around to the car first in line. This she boarded, saying as she passed the conductor:

"I just paid my fare on the last car." "I can't help that, madam," he replied. "Why, you are never going to make me pay again? I only rode a block and had just paid. I want to go 'way down town.'"

"I can't help what you did on the other car," said the conductor, firmly.

The woman began to get cross. She said that it was an imposition and she wouldn't stand it. He said she needn't stand it; that she could have a seat for five cents. Then she flushed up and said she would report him.

"Can't help that, either, madam. If you stay on this car you have got to pay fare on it."

Then she said that she wouldn't stay on it; she would go back to the other car and off she got. The driver, being a brute and a man of some humor, leaped over the dashboard and screamed after her:

"I can't help that, madam; you will have to pay on the other car just the same."

A little later he saw a very angry woman trudge by on the sidewalk and still later a very tired and cross woman hailed him and got on. The conductor grinned. As for him, he tried to pretend he didn't recognize him, but when he took her fare he murmured:

"I can't help that, madam," and winked through the door at the driver.

Some men are such brutes.

A pet leaned back and sighed. "Ah, yes," said he to a girl friend. "I was going to my fellow-worker how beautiful life is, when he answered that the greatest of us are after all very small."

"How very personal of him," murmured she.

He is still wondering just what she meant.

A young husband came home and found his wife poring over a cabinet. "What are you doing, darling?" he asked.

She did not turn, but answered with a strange sadness in her voice: "I am going over some of your old love-letters."

If he had not been so busy! As it was, his jaw dropped, and without waiting to pick it up, he shouted: "Where did you find them? Why don't you let them alone?"

After all, they were his love letters to her, but he can't fix it up anyway in the world now. Men are such geese.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Young-wife? She looks as if she had the world on her shoulders," said a gentleman.

His wife lifted her lorgnette, gazed at the sad young face, and said: "What a stupid you are! Those sleeves are all the fashion."

And it takes a woman's heart to understand these things!

"I cannot play," exclaimed an actress. "I am ill—I'm liver refuses to act."

"Never mind your liver," shouted the manager, "go on without it!"

"Ethel is going to marry a Duke." "Her mother did it all. Oh, I think it is so cruel for parents to sell their young daughters for a title."

"Isn't for the title, my dear. The Duke is really very rich, his diamonds are something grand and he has houses all over the continent."

"You don't say! Don't some people have luck, though?"

"Congratulations, my dear," exclaimed Edith. "I am engaged."

"Indeed, I do, my dear," said Sadie, heartily, "and I hope you will get married this time."

"But it is such a long drive," objected a girl.

"Darling, just think—home by moonlight!"

"Yes, I know, but what will people say?"

"You can take a chaperon."

"Yes—but won't she be in the way at supper?"

"Well, we will have to stand that."

"Maybe I can get Auntie to go. She is a dear old stupid, and if we give her enough to eat she won't lift her eyes."

"Darling!"

"I don't see how some girls can be so imprudent in going about without a chaperon, do you?"

Of course he didn't.

Revenge is sweet! Fifteen years ago a girl jilted her sweetheart in a really cruel way. She was then only eighteen. After being engaged a whole year she said she guessed he was too old, and with that away she tossed him. He was thirty then, and she was only eighteen. But then that was no excuse. Now she is—well, eighteen and ten are twenty-eight and five are— You see she is getting on. She isn't married, and she is getting a little on in other ways besides years. So her women begin to get fat after twenty-five. As for him, he is older, of course, but one counts a man's age after thirty-five. He goes on and on, and is good in the matrimonial market as long as he can stand. And now he is introduced to her his young bride, who is eighteen or less, and somehow the other woman does not feel a bit that she has been jilted, it even though she can remember that she jilted him long ago. He says softly:

"Do congratulate me, my dear old friend."

Tragedies like these are happening all around us in society every day. Think twice, girls; think twice!

CLARA BELLE.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

There's an old-fashioned girl in an old-fashioned street. Dressed in old-fashioned clothes from her head to her feet.

And she spends all her time in the old-fashioned way Of caring for poor people's children all day.

She never has been to cotillion or ball. And she knows not the styles of the spring or the fall. Two hundred a year will suffice for her needs. And an old-fashioned Bible is all that she reads.

And she has an old-fashioned heart that is true To a fellow who died in an old coat of blue. With its buttons all brass—who is waiting for the woman who loved him with old-fashioned love.

—Tom Hall, in Life.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION

THE PROGRESS OF COMBINATIONS THAT APPEAR.

Have All the Colors You Desire, Only be Careful of How They Blend—New Cape of Many Colors—New Gowns.

Combinations increase; so do colors. Such combinations as purple, green, gray and true blue are seen in one costume; then there is purple, bright green and brown, dark blue and grass-green. The study of well-blended colors is an occupation to be by no means despised or belittled. Indeed, it is a coming field for women, where they may seek peculiar shades of many colors, and gather such shades as will make a harmonious whole. This can be done very easily. There is a certain shade of heliotrope that combines beautifully with a certain rich, bright shade of green, and there are shades of blue that, combined with certain shades of green, produce effects calculated to inflict the most exquisite torture upon one who possesses a sense of the beautiful.

If women would only be guided by the law of allowed and approved combination, how much misery they would spare the world at large! But some unthinking creatures, hearing that gray and green or blue and green have, in some costumes, produced wonderful and beautiful effects, immediately proceed to order a costume in the same colors, thoughtless and regardless of the particular shades which may have been employed with such telling effect. And the result is so often a miserable failure. Dressmakers ought to be required to prove, before they are allowed to engage in their occupation, that they have a conception of the truly beautiful, and a capacity for artistic and tasteful combination. Examination regarding these powers would no doubt be the means of eliminating a large majority of the women who assist in making up the panorama that passes the shopping district every bright morning and afternoon. No wonder it is now such a condemnation, for there is no one at its head. Why not appoint an efficient committee to look after the details and to pass upon the women as they step into line?

At first it was hats that startled us so by their brilliance and wealth of color. Then the dresses followed in the wake of the bonnets. The cape cannot be left behind. Therefore it is made in terms of even three distinct colors. The principal advantage such a garment possesses is the fact that it can be worn with three different costumes, one of the triple capes, at least, being sure to harmonize with the dress. This is a step in the economical direction, if it is nothing more. And if care is used in the selection of the shades, the effect will be good.

One notices, also, more moderation displayed in the new hat. The very early spring bonnet was a dainty and unstable bit of architecture—liable to fall to pieces and be utterly destroyed at the slightest breath of wind or a touch of a rude hand. But the bonnets that have come up since are more stable. The brims are heavier, and of coarse twist; the trimmings are simple, comparatively, although quite as effective as of old. A pretty brown straw, of narrow, elongated shape, with fine crown and fancy brim, is trimmed with simply two rolls of pale yellow crepe running all around the crown, knotting at the front in a big puff; to which are added a few yellow aligrettes. The first straw sailor, for outing wear, that I saw, was very much smaller than that of last year. The crown was small, and very, very low. The brim was much larger than the crown, but very much smaller than the brim of last season. This sailor was trimmed with a turn-over band of wide blue ribbon, with a few knots of the ribbon at one side, over which two small blue wings, crossed, were laid. The straw of your hat must match your gown. It is a simple matter to get straw in all peculiar colors and shades, therefore you will have no difficulty in conforming with this decree.

From double skirts we fall naturally into triple ones. The triple skirt is far prettier than the double, which is so apt to be ungainly if not made of exactly the correct dimensions. Therefore the triple skirt, or the skirt all made of minute ruffles, is the summer garment of the minute. The effect may be produced by three small flounces added to a full skirt, each at equal distance from the other, or the skirt may be made of three plain, full ruffles. A pretty departure carries out the triple idea in the bodice as well as in the skirt. The flounces on the skirt are not round in front, but deeply pointed, running around straight, however, in the back. Beneath the lowest flounce, a deep ruffle of black lace, flounce is a deep ruffle of black lace, also, closely gathered and running off into a point at the bottom, to agree with the points beneath. Then a pointed yoke, hanging loose, is inserted above the fullness of the lace bodice, and the triple effect is given on the waist by two full shirtings, which fall from the edge of the yoke.

A charming bodice for evenings at home can be made of pale lavender silk or crepe, with a slight opening at the neck in front; just beneath the opening the waist into one loose knot. Below there must be a water lily bodice, made of long, curved leaves like the lily, of bro-

lower part of your sleeve must match that of the lily bodice.

Another bodice fits more tightly than is customary, for its ground work of pale flowered silk is drawn over without a wrinkle. The gathers are added after. A queer sort of overpiece, that starts from the left side seam, is drawn partly across the front of the bodice, and then up in a point at the right side, to meet a similar piece, which is, however, much smaller. The two join at the right with a great velvet bow. A ruff of crepe goes over each shoulder, heading the loose sleeve ruffle, which hangs over the puffed sleeve. The waist is clasped by a fancy gold belt, all set with vari-colored stones. A new sleeve is gathered close at the shoulder, with the gathering almost hidden by a band of embroidery or galloon, from the gathering the loose puff falls, from which issues forth the plain cuff, also banded by galloon.

A pretty evening sleeve has a loose puff, the lines of which undergo a twist before they are gathered into the passementerie which holds them at the elbow. Then a little puff peeps out again below the band.

A funny hat has a front brim that rolls quite over, all set away from the face, so that there is a straight line across the front. A lace rosette is placed upon the rolled-back brim, right on the curls of the wearer, from which rise two white aligrettes. Two full gatherings of lace stand out each side of the straw, so that the hat is all width.

A remarkably pretty home gown for receptions and special occasions, is made of fine cashmere of pale China blue. The skirt is banded with three narrow velvet bands of black. The dress opens over a front of plaited blue mousseline de soie, falling from neck to feet. Just at the waist line the front is concealed by the cashmere, which is drawn closely together there, and banded by triple velvet bands. Down each side of the blue silk front are laid narrow points of the purple; these points run up almost to the neck, until they are met by a flat collar made of the same pointed lace—a collar which runs down the front, falling over the blue sleeves.

EVA A. SCHUBERT.

Out of Place.

Men may be exceedingly fond of "womanhood," women in their homes—women who laugh and cry in a breath; whose caprices come and go with the wind; but woe to the wage-earner who is hypersensitive! She is out of place in shop or office, and is soon made to realize the fact. When a woman enters a business career, she shows that she is not her womanhood, but her womanhood. Not long ago a woman visiting a publication office at its busiest time complained rather querulously that she "was not even offered a chair." It is foolish and unnecessary to demand in the rush and hurry of business the formalities and attentions of the drawing-room. If a woman is in consideration of others, she will certainly receive consideration and civility from her associates. More ought not to be insisted upon. When a woman is found who gets on in business as well as a man, it is generally also found that she imitates the methods of a man, goes about her work steadily and systematically, and, it is safe to say, leaves her tears and exactions at home.

Cupid and Betty.

"Cupid, the rogue once ran away. And ere Dame Venus missed him Slipped into the lilac lane. Where Betty caught him, kissed him. She broke her saucy love in twain, Tied up his wings behind him, And sent him sobbing, home again, To bid his mother mind him."

"But, since that day, so gossips say, The gods have new equipped him, Till he is twice armed in battle, As when his wings clipped him; And now although she nods and beck, With sweet persuasion to him, She cannot get another chance To cuff him or to woo him."

A Maid's Blunder.

A literary lady of the first rank in Vienna has a friend who is a well-known prima donna, to whom, on the occasion of a concert, given by her, she wrote as follows: "Dearest darling—The pen trembles in my hand, so excited, so thrilled in my whole being by the ineffable, aesthetic enjoyment you have conferred upon me at your concert. As soon as I had heard the last strain I came home as in a dream, and endeavored to seek rest and sleep. Impossible! 'The storm which your heavenly voice, dearest sister of Apollo, let loose in my soul is not to be so lightly soothed. Alas! no. My enraptured spirit still continues to behold you, like a triumphant queen in the midst of a jubilee crowd, and, athwart the mysterious silence of the night, your sweet voice haunts me still—that wonderful voice which thrilled and thrilled me every love of the elemental forces of nature. As I am forced to leave here to-morrow morning and am unable in consequence to fly to your embrace and pour forth my rapturous gratitude into your heart of hearts, will you allow me to send you hereby the tribute which I am forced to pay to your genius. Your concert of this evening has left an impression on the tablets of my soul which the waves of time are powerless to efface."

These glowing phrases would have given the prima donna infinite pleasure, but by one of those miserable accidents which will happen, the letter reached her before the concert took place. The

